

## HOME READING.

## AUTUMN IS SWEET.

BY JOHN ENTEN COOKE.

Youth is so sweet!  
Red of the rose,  
Once when it goes  
Flitting and fleet,  
When the heart knows,  
The charm of the rose—  
Youth is so sweet.

Sweet but so fleet;  
Age with its snows,  
Youth with its rose,  
Which shall we greet?  
Red leaves enclose,  
Swiftly it goes—  
If youth is so sweet.

Spring is so dear,  
Birds on the wing  
Flutter and sing  
Through the young year;  
Oh! the old springs!  
Memory clings—  
But they're not here!

Autumn is here;  
Spring birds are gone,  
Flowers from the lawn;  
Green leaves are here,  
Chill is the dawn,  
Blue skies are wan—  
But autumn is dear.

Autumn is sweet;  
Why should we moan?  
Let the winds groan;  
Happy hearts beat;  
Love has not flown—  
If all else is gone—  
And love is so sweet?

*—Home Journal.*

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Books and Corners in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12, 1883.

I have observed, dear CITIZEN, that however much people may admire a dignified and sedate letter, they seldom trouble themselves to read it! Now, your columns, worthy journal, are intended to be read, and it will not pay any of us to write stupidly. I would like to declare how easy this might be at the present time, but I shall bring myself to the proper action and expression for your readers sake.

The fact is, even a well-worn theme can be made interesting if one looks at it from a new angle—and this is what I have been doing with Philadelphia. I am in an immense room, entirely open from end to end, and fully forty feet in height, which is partitioned by glass and black walnut into the various offices of a banking house. One great vault rises, like a manseum, almost in front of me. I hear the clink of coin as clerks are counting it. There is a stir of busy life in the atriums I go past the rows of cabinets I catch glimpses of financiers and capitalists counting their wealth or cutting their coupons. If I had time to tell you of the down-stairs parts of the institution as well as upstairs, you would be satisfied that this was the spot—the Philadelphia Trust and Safe Deposit Company—for you to leave your gems and gold, if you wanted the thief not to break through and steal.

Over yonder on the corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets is another curious place—the American Philosophical Society. I went there on business yesterday, for the first time in several years. What is the Philosophical Society's place? I asked the big policeman in front of the Mayor's office. "Dadie, thin, I don't know," said that intelligent person.

"It used to be right around the corner," said I. "Mebbe it was, but sure you're the first man ever axed ME where it was." And I rather think that must have been true, for I went on old recollections, about sixty feet down Fifth Street, and there I came upon the sign. It is astonishing how little a claim can tell you about the next oyster bed.

This Philosophical Society is a very old resident. Benjamin Franklin's membership in it, and his bequests to it, constitute its crowning glory. The old gentleman's papers were removed the other day, so I was told, and put in a Safe Deposit vault under lock and key. They are not creditable—not creditable at all. Better say under your breath, when people ask you, that you are not thoroughly sick of the morality and virtue of the Father of Electricity. Then you will be near the mark. This was no news to me, for like most Philadelphians, I heard it years ago. But the honor of the place, you know, keeps it quiet.

Here in this pleasant big room with its Adjacent library, in the wing of the old State House, you can see a portrait of Jefferson which has never been engraved, and another of Franklin, and a great many similar matters of interest. The secretary, Mr. Henry Phillips, Jr., is a keen, small gentleman—reputed to be the best authority in Philadelphia on coins and medals and paper money—and as frank and generous with his information as any one can wish. A friend said to me that at the Reform Club meetings it used to be a fashion of theirs to seat Mr. Phillips on a chair-arm, and start him on any topic. "It don't matter what you take him on" continued this admirer.

Henry Phillips knows all about it, and it's the rarest kind of a treat to hear him talk." He has, indeed, that quick, vivacious, almost foreign intellect, which delights in nothing so much as the help it can give from its own fullness to the needs of others.

From Mr. Phillips, when he had loaded and primed me with information which I had vainly sought in New York, I went to Mr. Hazeltine, another numismatic authority, and found him, like a spider in his web, surrounded by *brie-a-brac* of all kinds. This was a queer den of his, devoted to the coins and curiosities in which he deals. Like Mr. Lindsay, who is one of the best-posted men on engravings, and whom I afterward consulted, Mr. Hazeltine is exceedingly cheerful in communicating what he knows without stint or proviso. From these gentlemen I derived, therefore, the quite important fact that a medal of Abelard, which I possess, is pretty certainly from an authentic like ness, and that the engraving by Desnoyers after Robt. LeFebvre, representing the same historic character, is doubtless indebted to this or some similar portrait. I am glad, for the sake of the Science and Art Club of Germantown, to be able, therefore, to offer them to-night two of the three portraits which I know to be in existence. The third is in the "French Plutarch," and perhaps Mr. Lloyd P. Smith, of the Philadelphia Library, can furnish that also.

By the way, that Philadelphia Library is another nook in the city. But before you get there let me turn you off up Sixth Street to the old Franklin Institute. There we shall find the actuary, Prof. D. H. Holman, in his den. Prof. Holman takes a tube of tin. He glazes the open end of it with a scientific soap-bubble mixture. He holds it where the light strikes upon it, and it shows the most marvelous colors. He then whistles to it, sings to it, talks to it, laughs to it. He sounds the gamut to it, and alternately scolds and caresses it. And the sensitive soap-bubbles dances and twists and flashes and glances, and has hurrying currents of swift color flying up and down and in and out through it, until you are captivated at the ever new and ever beautiful variety of movement and light. This, in his larger experiments, Prof. Holman puts before his oxyhydrogen microscope. He greatly magnifies it until its tints and changes are hundreds of times as apparent, and its sensitivity is vastly increased. He throws it then on a screen before the audience, and by the help of music and song he makes a charming evening's entertainment. I have my eye on Prof. Holman for a Bloomfield audience some of these days. He has also a fondness for what Frank Buckland—that charming writer—was wont to call his "little beasts." All sorts of infusorial animalcules and odd forms of life which the eye cannot detect, he exhibits with his big microscope. I have seen him cast the image of the circulation in a triton's tail-fin upon a familiar screen held in the hand of one of the audience. You could see pulsation, color, everything, better than on the page of a book. Then he whipped it away to another group, fifty feet off, and showed it to them. This Franklin Institute is a curious place, and its actuary is as ingenious and peculiar as itself.

But now you must come along to the Philadelphia Library at Broad and Locust Streets. Here the bookish people of the city congregate. It is a building constructed for comfort and ease in reading or studying, and its irregularity of tables and side apartments is its chief charm. The new books are all open to inspection on two square cases of shelves, arranged about opposite pillars—one containing the works of solid merit and the other being devoted to fiction. The older and more valuable books, and those especially needed by students, are at the Ridgway Branch, about six squares away, at Broad and Christian Streets.

The history of the library is somewhat peculiar. The old building at Fifth and Library Streets, which had long existed, was formerly known as the "Franklin Library," which will show you how great a share the philosopher has in Philadelphia's history. This building had become very unsafe. It was hemmed in and endangered by other structures, and was in no sense fire-proof. About those days the Ridgway-Rush estate, which is worth seven or eight millions, decided to perpetuate itself in this library. There was a great battle over the bequest. The conditions were intolerable as it seemed. The money was very desirable, but the idea that this should resuscitate Dr. Rush's forgotten books on the voice and on insanity and such like subjects, was scarcely to be entertained. The location, too, was highly objectionable, for it was too far down Broad Street. But they say that a Philadelphia lawyer can see his way through any legal perplexity. Therefore, the Ridgway-Rushes built the superb Doric structure of granite, and the Philadelphia Library sold their own building and removed to a new one on Locust Street, and the important works went to the Ridgway Branch along with the chief library. Mr. Lloyd P. Smith, while Mr. George Abbott was left with the popular element (who don't care particularly for scholarship, and only want reading), six stories above. A private telephone line joins the two, and for quiet, dignified, beautiful opportunities for study I know nothing finer than the Ridgway.

Both of these libraries are greatly in advance of the Astor as places for research. Mr. Smith has arranged his cross-reference card catalogue in such a way that whatever is in the libraries can be found at once. It is like the Harvard Library, or the Boston Public Library, in its completeness. The splendid works in the Astor are nearly inaccessible, except to those readers through the lack of just this arrangement. Here, from morning till night, sits Mr. Smith, who succeeded his father, John Jay Smith, in his present position. Here, at the wish of any honest inquirer, are dragged forth (sometimes upon a regular little wagon) the bulky volumes he desires to consult. And yet would you believe it?—there are often not more than half a dozen visitors at the Ridgway Branch in a day. The other library, meanwhile, is thronged.

It is to the Mercantile, though, that the world goes. It is cheaper, and the book shelves are all open. Mr. Edmonds, its librarian, has an excellent idea of his work, and this also is in a building to which it removed from the side of the old Philadelphia on Fifth St. The classification and cataloguing here are both very fine, and the building—which used to be the Tenth Street Market—is well adapted to its use.

But enough of libraries! I prefer to wander a part of my time in the streets, and to see the shopping people. It is very busy just now. Everywhere you shall view the holiday purchasers, usually ladies, who drop parcels and shed hairpins like molting angels. The lines of travel are thronged like the streets. It makes one think of Centennial times.

*Apropos* of Philadelphia notions, what do you think of a thermometer in a railroad car; not a toy one or an advertising one, but a genuine Fahrenheit put in by the company? The railroad corporations—at least those in our section—apparently believe in preparing the passengers by roasting, in advance of a possible smash; but they never give us the chance to know how bad it is by way of previous consolation: The Reading Railroad does better. The mercury stood at 62°—and I looked upon it and felt comfortable. A great thing is a thermometer, and it costs little enough to put it in. Now that the D. L. & W. Railroad have worn out their Bibles, perhaps they can favor us with the exact state of the heat.

## THE GREEN SUN.

Further particulars recently received concerning the "green sun" seen in India and South America at the beginning of autumn confirm the first reports which indicated that it was one of the most remarkable of natural phenomena observed in many years. It is now learned that the sun appeared discolored throughout Ceylon as well as in Southern India, and that in South America the phenomenon was observed on both sides of the Andes over an extent of country as much as a thousand miles square. In South America the sun retained its singular hue only one day, the 2d of September, while in India and Ceylon the discoloration lasted at least four days—from September 8 to September 12. In other respects the appearance seems to have been nearly identical in both places, the hue of the sun changing from green to blue, according to its elevation above the horizon. All of the reports speak of the alarm excited among the people by the strange color of the sun. Many thought that the end of the world was at hand.

The green appearance of the sun when close to the horizon, which has been observed in the Arctic region, has been cited as a parallel case; but it really has few points of resemblance to the phenomenon under consideration, and is evidently the result of different causes. So far as the evidence now obtained goes, it appears that the recent discoloration of the sun was due to the presence in the atmosphere of some gaseous matter, or exceedingly fine dust, but the question is, whence did it come? There are two facts which may help in obtaining an answer: the phenomenon in both the Eastern and Western hemispheres was seen in the neighborhood of the equator, and in both cases in countries which are either the scene of volcanic outbursts and earthquakes, or lie in the neighborhood of great centers of such disturbances.

The suggestion that vapors belched from the Java volcanoes during their tremendous eruption at the end of August may have caused the sun to appear green or blue in India and Ceylon offers a reasonable explanation so far as it goes, but then what was the cause of the similar phenomenon in South America, where, so far as is known, no great volcanic eruption has occurred? The old earth has yet a few mysteries left.

## HOW TO MAKE SCANDAL.

Takes a grain of falsehood, a handful of runabout, the same quantity of nimble-tongue, a sprig of the herb' backbiting, a teaspoonful of don't-you-tell-it, six drops of malice, and a few drachms of envy. Add a little discontent and jealousy, and strain through a bag of misconstruction, cork it up in a bottle of malevolence, and hang it up on a skein of street yarn; keep it in a hot atmosphere; shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the desired result will follow.—*Examiner.*

## TO PRESERVE WOOD.

"COMMON wood soaked in petroleum," says a writer in the *Country Gentleman*, "will make it durable as cedar." Wood used in verandas and trellis work, where exposed to the elements, can thus by little expense and labor be made lasting.

## LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, Dec. 12th.

Atkinson, Mrs. —  
Brady, Daniel —  
Braisted, Lizzie —  
Cadmus, H. K. —  
Daily, Miss E. —  
Dorenum, G. —  
Liberwirth, Wm. —  
McGinnis, Mrs. —  
Path, Joe —

Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters.

H. DODD, P. M.

## TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL., LACK., & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Barely and Christopher Street Ferries.

## TO NEW YORK.

Leave Montclair—6:30, 7:15, 7:55, 8:35, 9:52, 11:00 a.m., 12:50, 1:40, 3:30, 4:40, 5:25, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, p.m., 1:05 a.m.

Leave Newark—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:39, 9:57,

11:05 a.m., 12:56, 1:45, 3:35, 4:35, 5:29, 6:15, 7:05, 8:20, 9:45, 11:10, p.m., 1:15 a.m.

Arrive New York—7:22, 7:50, 8:10, 8:49, 10:08, 12:18 a.m., 1:48, 2:47, 3:47, 4:57, 5:46, 6:38, 7:26, 8:37, 10:08, 11:22, p.m., 1:21 a.m.

Arrive New York—6:50, 8:00, 8:40, 9:20, 10:40, 11:50 a.m., 1:40, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:10, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—6:30, 6:57, 7:49, 8:37 a.m., 9:24, 9:42, 10:20, 10:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:33, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:15, 7:58, 9:06, 10:13, 11:13 a.m., 1:13, 2:44, 4:06, 5:26, 6:03, 6:53, 7:48, 8:05, 10:38, 12:38 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:26, 8:09, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24 a.m., 1:24, 2:58, 4:17, 5:04, 5:37, 6:15, 7:05, 8:00, 9:14, 10:30, 12:49 p.m.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R.R.

Chambers and 2nd Street Ferries, New York.

## TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—6:30, 6:57, 7:49, 8:37 a.m., 9:24, 9:42, 10:20, 10:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:33, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m.

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SUNDAY TRAINS FROM MONTCLAIR AT 8:45 a.m. AND 5:28 p.m.

## FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:00, 8:30, 12:00 a.m., 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p.m. Leaves 23rd Street 15 minutes earlier.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:49, 9:21 a.m., 12:43, 4:19, 5:24, 6:20, 7:11, 8:46 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—7:02, 9:25 a.m., 12:49, 4:29, 5:29, 6:26, 7:11, 8:46 p.m.

Arrive Upper Montclair—7:06, 9:29 a.m., 12:33, 4:23, 5:23, 6:20, 7:13, 8:49 p.m.

Also Saturday train from New York at 12 m., for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving at Montclair at 12:52 a.m.

Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m.

## EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO THE BUSINESS FURNISHED.

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